

VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

[PAYABLE WITHIN FOUR MONTHS.]

BY ORSON S. MURRAY.

BRANDON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1842.

VOL. XIV. NO. 44

POETRY.

From the Voice of Freedom. ARTLESS NATURE. PART I.

Bright morning in the east comes forth
To greet the newly wakened earth,
Whose queenly robe, his own bright star—
High guider of his golden car—
Had waked in beauty from afar.
Now, while his glittering wheels advance,
He forward casts an ardent glance,
With beauty beaming in his face
All radiant with the light of love;
And hastening from his home above
He meets her with a fond embrace
Upon the sloping mountain-side;
And, from the fair cheek of his bride,
He wipes away the tears of dew,
Which Night with rude advances drew.
And see in yonder glen so fair,
He hath raised her delicate veil of mist,
And while the rose-bush mantled there,
Her blooming cheek in rapture kissed.

The woodlands scattered round about,
Have flung their shadowy foliage out,
To veil the glorious temple, where
The thousand songs of gladness rise,
Stirring the morning's balmy air
With all their blending melodies;
And wide, their leafy skirts between,
The meadows show in lighter green,
Where, half concealed upon its bed,
By the long grass o'er-canopied,
The modest violet droops its head;
And yellow daisies deck the ground,
Which strown along the verdant vale,
Like fairy legions scattered round,
All parodied in golden mail.
Oh! beautiful is the forest now
In summer's green array.

As pious, o'er every waving bough,
The golden flood of day,
The spen's quivering leaflets dance
To the song of the passing breeze,
And brighten, in the sunbeam's glance,
The dark-spined cedar-trees.
Deeply the tall pine sighs in the blast,
To find that summer hath come at last,
And its day of untroubled green hath passed;
The fragrant birch with each tasselled stem,
New-crowned with a leafy diadem,
It shakes with glee at the gloomy old tree,
Which once looked on it so scornfully.
The mulberry opens its golden leaves,
Yellow as Autumn's ripened sheaves;
And the grape lifts its head to view,
But colored, with a deeper hue;
The graceful elm, the pride of trees,
Flings its lithe branches to the breeze.
Half up the mountain's rugged side,
The tall ash stands erect in pride;
And all along the hill, is spread
The chestnut with its leafy head;
And there the firm rock-rooted oak
Shakes off its branches to the storm,
As in defiance of the stroke
Which thunders through its knotty form.

Amid the leafy boughs of June,
The birds pour out their merry tune,
The mingling songs of grateful praise,
In varied, but unceasing lays—
The robin chirps upon his tree,
In answer to the chick-a-dee,
The cat-bird, bobolink and quail
Sing to each other in the vale;
Around the cottage-home are heard
The little wren and chirping-bird;
And on the barn, the purple dove
Is whispering to his mate of love.
From flower to flower the hum-bird flits,
The blue-bird on his walnut sits,
And on the shady hazel bush
Melodious sings the merry thrush;
The twittering swallow cleaves the air,
Wheeling in swift gyrations there,
The thriving owl, till day is gone,
Creeps to the marshes, dusk and low;
And from the growing fields of corn
The king-bird drives the coward crow;
High hovering on extended vans,
Or swimming through the liquid way,
The trobbin hawk the farm-yard scans,
Searching with eagle eye his prey;
And when the sleeping earth is still,
And every voice of day is dumb,
The glad notes of the whip-poor-will
Along the cool air come;
And urchins gaze with wonder brief
To hear the night-hawk crying "beef!"

Thus, from the matin of the lark,
Until the sunless evening is dark,
The thousand warblers pour their song
Into the listening ear of Day;
And, as his chariot rolls along,
Sing still the merry hours away;
Breathing the sweet-linked harmonies
In ever-varying tones, that rise
To heaven, with every mystic word
Fast echoed by the mocking-bird;
While sterner children of the air,
With cruel talons seize their prey;
Or, hiding from the morning's glare,
Await the hour of dying day.
Pleasant Height, Ct. E. D. H.

An honest man need not feel the assault
Of his enemies. Talent will be appreciated,
Industry will be rewarded, and he
who pursues, in any calling, an open,
manly, honest course, must in the end
triumph over his enemies, and build for
himself a good name, which will endure
long after his traducers are forgotten.

It costs as much to build and equip a
single frigate for sea as it would to erect
seventy large three-story brick dwelling
houses.

VERMONT TELEGRAPH

Saturday, July 16, 1842.

For the Telegraph.
Reply to Roswell Mears.

Friend Mears:—From your style of writing, together with an expression made by A. D. Low in calling you *father* Mears, I conclude you are an aged man. The reason I have not replied to you before is, I have been very busy and could not attend to it. I shall not say as much to you, nor notice as many errors in your communication, as I should if I thought you were a young man; but shall endeavor to treat you with all that respect which age demands in such cases. As I am unwilling to have errors palmed off upon the public, instead of sounding the truth in their ears, you will allow me to notice some of the errors that you penned in your reply to me. By doing it I do not wish to provoke controversy with an old gentleman. As you took the liberty to be plain, permit me to be so in return. I took no offence from what you wrote, and I do not intend to give any. If we reason at all, we should do it like men, and strive to do and get good, instead of abusing each other like fools.

Do not imagine that I shall blush with shame, and repent, for making statements which you did not prove to be erroneous, and indeed cannot while you admit that God is one God, in whom there is no variableness neither shadow of turning, unless you consent that Christ was an impostor and did not the will of the Father. If Moses and Christ disagree about the law or will of God, while you admit that Christ is superior to Moses you must of necessity admit that Moses was wrong. Two opposites can not both be right. There is no way for either you or me to dodge this point, or avoid the conclusion. Moses says, kill and destroy your enemies; but Christ says love them and do them good. Now the only question to be decided is, which of these two are right, and which shall we obey? Are Christ's followers under him or are they under the law of Moses?

If the spirit of God teaches us forgiveness, forbearance, humility, submission, and kindness even to an enemy, then it is evident that, inasmuch as God is one God, who is unchangeable and forever the same, an opposite spirit cannot be of him;—therefore Moses knew not what manner of spirit he was of when he destroyed his enemies by violence. "God is love"; and love is the weapon he wields to destroy his enemies and bring them to repentance. The apostle had the right idea of him when he rebuked certain ones for their ignorance, saying, Rom. ii: 4: "Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness and forbearance and long-suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance?" As bitter water will not flow from a sweet fountain, neither will anger, hatred, envy, wrath, malice, or revenge, (as we define their meaning,) emanate from the great fountain of love. Don't be so much alarmed when I say that Moses knew not what manner of spirit he was of when he destroyed his enemies by violence; but consider that it was no worse for him to be influenced by a spirit that he was not aware of, who lived in comparatively a dark age of the world, than it was for James and John to be influenced by such a spirit, even after Christ had been with them a long time, teaching them daily. Luke ix: 55: "But he turned, and rebuked them, and said; Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

Although you admit that Christ is superior to Moses, still before you get thro', some of your expressions go directly to support the idea that Moses is superior to, or at least equal with Christ, in that you refer to that part of the Mosaic law as being the law of God which differs from the law of Christ, instead of admitting that Christ taught us the perfect law and will of the Father. Now one of the three things is certain: either Moses was wrong in giving the law of violence, or God is a changeable being, otherwise Jesus Christ was an impostor, and taught not the law of God when he condemned the law and practice of violence and gave the law of mercy in its stead. Take which of these three you please. I prefer to say that Moses was wrong—though I do not believe he was wilfully so.

Again, in your attempt to prove that Christ recognized the law of violence as emanating from God, as much as he did

the law against murder and adultery, you were entirely unsuccessful. You labored under a mistake when you stated that Christ only said, "ye have heard that it was said by them in old time, thou shalt not commit adultery." And, "ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not kill." He did use stronger language than this, in that he referred to them as being the express commands of God. Luke 18: 20: "Thou knowest the commandments, do not commit adultery, do not kill, do not steal, do not bear false witness, honor thy father and thy mother." He never referred to the law of violence in this light, but only as disapproving of it. When he spoke of the law of violence he rebuked the putting of it in force; but when he referred to the law against murder and adultery, he approved the law, and carried it even further if possible. He told what it was to commit adultery, and disapproved of giving bills of divorce, except for the cause of fornication.

Be not affrighted—we shall soon discover another of Moses' errors. Mat. v: 31: "It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement. But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery." Mat. xix: 4: "And he answered and said unto them, have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. They say unto him, why did Moses then command to give a writing of divorcement, and to put her away? He saith unto them, Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives: but from the beginning it was not so." Thus we see it was Moses and not God that gave the command in relation to giving bills of divorcement. And how very careful was Christ not to allege the giving of this command to the Father, but declares positively that it was not so in the beginning. God created things right, and would not give commands that were directly against what he had created. What! God at war with himself? Most astonishing! We could make nothing less of it, if his created laws and revealed laws conflict.

Again, if this command was of God then Christ repealed one of God's commands, and thus joined issue with the father—otherwise this command is still in force and should be obeyed. Think of these things, and if you have any quarrel to do about them, you may quarrel it out with Christ and the Father. I contend that they agree. I admit that the ceremonial law, that was merely typical, was fulfilled when the substance came, and was no more. But the law of violence and for giving bills of divorcement, could not belong to the ceremonial law—still Christ disapproves of them both. Christ never fulfilled either of these laws—still he says that not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass, (that is, the law of God,) till all be fulfilled. Immediately we hear him speaking against these two commands and teaching contrary to them. Again I say, think of these things.

J. A. SPEAR.

MISCELLANY.

TELESCOPES.—"It is said that the use of Telescopes was first discovered by Mr. Hausen, a Dutch spectacle maker. His children were playing in his shop, and casually placed a convex and concave glass in such a manner, that by looking through them at the Middlebury weather-cock, they observed that it appeared much larger and clearer than usual. Their expressions of surprise excited their father's attention, and he soon obtained great credit for the useful discovery."

THE BEE-MOTH.—Mr. T. Hudson, of Hudson, Ohio, states in the *Ravenna Cabinet* that in his opinion the ravages of the great enemy of Bees, the Bee Moth, may be prevented by the simple process of thoroughly saturating the hives with salt, as the miller will never deposit his eggs in hives thus prepared. His plan is to plane and prepare the boards for the hive, and then let them lie for a few days immersed in a strong brine. His own personal observation and experience as an apiarian has led Mr. H. to the above conclusions and practice.—*Cleveland Herald*.

THE ADVENT.

Charles Fitch, an earnest advocate of Miller's theory concerning Christ's second coming, has just finished a course of lectures on that subject, at the Free Church in this village. He is said to have shown considerable ability, and argued ingeniously and plausibly in favor of the doctrine. His own faith seems to be perfect assurance. He speaks as confidently of the certain destruction of the world next year, as of the sun's rising to-morrow. I did not attend his lectures. Whether his notions are right or wrong, I am content to wait for '43 to decide. Why spend time to settle the question? Even if settled with absolute certainty, what good should we get, which is not now within our reach? Our duty is the same, be there one year or a hundred to do it in, and end the world in 1843, or ten thousand ages hence. He who is living as he ought, need give himself no trouble to fix the date of the closing scene, for come when it may, it will find him ready. He who is not prepared to meet it at any moment, has enough to do, without losing time in attempts to fix its date. Every one knows that be it as it may with others, it will come soon to himself at the latest, and may come even sooner than next year. And what matters it whether it comes to him alone, or to all at once, since if he goes first, all will soon follow him?

One would think too, while the earth is so full of violence and wickedness and oppression,—that even the firmest believers in the theory in question, would feel the propriety of laboring more earnestly and anxiously to banish these evils, than to unravel obscure prophecies, never meant perhaps to be clearly read, save in their fulfillment; to call men to repentance and reformation, by arguments of which all can feel the force, whether able or not, to understand the elaborate reasonings of learned commentators.

I like the sound common sense which pervades the subjoined remarks of brother Rogers, of the *Herald of Freedom*, touching this subject:—*Voice of Freedom*.

"Now I have no sort of expectation that any bodily eye will see Christ here again, next year or any year,—but if I were expecting Him, or looking for any awful and trying event, I know no better preparation to make for it, of a public sort, than to push the abolition of slavery. I should feel that this nation was horribly unready to welcome Christ from the clouds, with 3,000,000 of His children bound hand and foot in brute slavery within its borders. Anti-Slavery and Temperance and Peace, it seems to me, are among the wisest means of fitting up the land for Christ's reception, if He were to be expected here. I say nothing of the Miller agitation here, of course, except to notice it as causing a division from anti-slavery labor. It is nothing in favor of this agitation, or any other, that it diminishes interest in such a cause as anti-slavery.—Anti-slavery is a present, palpable duty. 'Christ's coming' is a future event, at most. What we have to do with it, this year, I do not see. One of the disciples asked Christ a question when He was here—touching one of these same curious matters of futurity—which He answered by saying 'what is that to thee—follow thou me.' So I say. Ply anti-slavery, abolitionists. Watch and pray at it, for ye know not what hour the Son of Man cometh. Be thus ready. And when He does come, it will be doubtless like a thief in the night for suddenness and unexpectedness. It can hardly be calculated, like an eclipse of the moon, nor will it be, I should apprehend, such a sign in the sky, that you might look at it through the telescope, or with the bodily eye. I have no inclination to meddle with the subject, or with any man's faith; only I deprecate its absorbing the humanity of abolitionists. Mankind are prone to rush out to gaze after these outward events, and to look anywhere for truth and duty, rather than into their own hearts and lives. Anti-slavery summons us to reformation of character and to active philanthropy.—Therefore I like it above all that is abroad in the earth. It calls us to active duty, to-day."

AFFECTING CALAMITY.—The Northampton (Mass.) *Courier* records the death of Miss Emily Gaylord, of North Hadley, aged 14 years, under the following circumstances: On the Friday evening preceding her death after returning from an evening meeting, she retired to her chamber for the night. Mr. Russell, with whom she lived, not as yet being asleep, heard an unusual noise, and repaired to her chamber and found the deceased standing upon the floor with her clothes almost burnt off from her! He extinguished what fragments remained, and smothered the flames of the bedclothes and bed.—The family physician was immediately called and every thing done that human means could devise, but her burns were so deep that her vital energy was destroyed; she survived only 35 hours.

On inquiring how it happened, she said after getting ready to retire she took a book and sat down upon the bed to read. She could tell no further, excepting that she awoke and found herself enveloped in flames. She had probably fallen asleep and her clothes caught fire by the light. This shocking occurrence affords a serious lesson to persons who are in the habit of so doing. Many lives have been lost and innumerable dwellings destroyed in this way.

The Glorious First of August.

Of all the days in the year, our boasted Fourth of July is the most unpropitious for assembling the people together, to consider the claims of our enslaved population, and to advocate the cause of impartial liberty. It is a day consecrated to rant, noise, revelry, hypocrisy, and dissipation; and although it has been, to some extent, redeemed from utter prostitution by the temperance reformation, and from gross profligacy by religious sectarian celebrations, still it is unquestionably the most demoralizing and impious, in the general manner of its observance,—of all the days in the year.

The First of August—the day on which eight hundred thousand slaves instantly became freemen—is rapidly approaching; and abolitionists, through the land, should spare no pains to celebrate it in a manner that will mightily advance their sacred enterprise. In this Commonwealth, the plan that has been devised for observing the day, by a series of anti-slavery picnics, as well as by public address, we trust will be zealously espoused and cordially carried out, in every town and village where it is practicable. Let there be no delay in making the necessary arrangements. In a few days, the volume specially prepared for the occasion by Mr. Collins, entitled 'The Anti-Slavery Pic-Nic'—being a collection of Speeches, Poems, Dialogues and Songs, with appropriate music—will be ready for sale at 25 Cornhill. Orders should be sent for it without delay, as it will contain a large amount of original and carefully selected matter, admirably adapted for recitation, declamation, singing, &c.—*Liberator*.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—An old miser in New-England owning a farm, found it impossible one day to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half-starved pauper hearing of the terms, accepted. Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal the old skin-flint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and dinner was soon despatched. "Suppose now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will preserve time and trouble, you know?" "Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went. "Now we will go to work," said the satisfied and delighted employer.—"Thank you," replied the laborer, "I never work after supper."

ORGANIC REMAINS.—Within a few years past, the remains of organized bodies, such as animals and plants, have been found in so great variety and abundance in various portions of our globe, as to render still more wonderful the earth and its productions, which to the most careless observer are curiously and wonderfully made. More than nine thousand species of animals and vegetables have been found deposited in rocks: frequently forming nearly their whole mass. Many of the organized bodies thus found, are of the same species as now live upon the earth. The greater portion of them are entirely extinct, not being known to exist at present in a living state.

THE LEGISLATURE OF CONNECTICUT Adjourned on Friday the 10th June, after a short but laborious session of five weeks. Various reforms have been effected, and the results of its proceedings, as a whole, appear to have given general satisfaction.

Among the acts passed, is one abolishing imprisonment for debt, except in case of fraudulent withholding, concealing, obtaining, or carrying away property; repealing all laws regulating the sale of spirituous liquors, except the law relating to taverns and the sale of liquors to Indians; and a law imposing certain restrictions upon banks, among other things, prohibiting stockholders from voting by proxy. Also resolutions condemning the bankrupt law and the land distribution law, and instructing Senators and requesting Representatives in Congress to vote for the discontinuance of the Military Academy at West Point.—*N. Y. Eve. Post*.

From the Youths' Cabinet.
Courage Better than Concomitment.

Fanny and I were the youngest children, so we were never allowed the privileged boon of sitting up; but certainly, soon after sunset in summer months we must bid good night to papa and mamma, and brothers and sisters, and go up stairs to bed. I used occasionally to rebel, but Fanny went so quietly, and indeed sleeping away, that it was no agreeable thing to urge my claims alone. "There, see Fanny, she never makes any difficulty about it," was the unanswerable argument always presented to subdue me.

We said our prayers, and in five minutes Fanny was fast asleep. I always sat up longer, and as soon as my sister was comfortably in bed, used to take my seat at the open window, delighted with the sunset, the stars, the clouds, the trees, and most of all with the fire-flies that tenanted a little green field that lay close beside our house. For an hour at a time, have I watched them, dancing, and soaring, and disappearing, sometimes here, sometimes there, sparkling on the ground or flauitering in the air; they were to me a wonder and a beauty, and I trace my earliest interest in Natural History to the changeful light of the little fire-fly.

One evening I was bent upon catching one. They seemed to fly higher, and to approach nearer my window. How many times I darted out my hand unsuccessfully, to the great danger of precipitating myself out of the window, I cannot tell; but at length I found myself in possession of a fire-fly. I was slightly disappointed to find it nothing but a little black bug, and concluding I was mistaken, was just ready to let it go, when the fire gleamed out from his darkened body, and changed my mind. To retain him in my hand was to deprive myself of his radiance; to let him fly away was not to be thought of; and to call my sister, or mother, or Ruth, to bring me a tumbler to put him under, would be drawing down upon myself the rebuke of being a "very naughty girl for being up so late," and what was still harder to bear, a reference to my sister Fanny. But the fire-fly must be kept at all hazards; and I sat down again by the window to wonder how I should keep him.—To imprison him in my bag, drawer, or closet, did not seem very feasible. "Oh that I had a tumbler!" I inwardly exclaimed; and a tumbler I resolved to have.

I could creep down the front stairs into the parlor, and into the parlor closet too, without any body knowing it—I knew I could—and thus secure the very thing I wanted. I was sometime executing my project. At every step I halted to be assured I was not heard—then the creaking of my own steps upon the stairs made me start; and then I had to feel my way, for the starlight of the fire-fly could not aid me. Success attended my efforts, and I returned to my chamber with a glass goblet, under which my prisoner was duly ushered, and then he flared and flickered at my pleasure.

I thought to awaken Fanny, but she might make unpleasant inquiries, and so I let her sleep on. "How much better this goblet is than a tumbler," I thought; "and it's what mamma would never have let me taken. Oh, I must be so careful of it!" And at that moment, just as I was making some untoward movement, I accidentally pushed the goblet from the table. It fell—it broke—and the fire fly flew away.

What a reversion of feeling! From the greatest exultation to divest wo.—"What shall I do?" I exclaimed aloud. The fly could be replaced, but the goblet—one of mamma's beautiful cut glass goblets which were never used but on thanksgiving-day, or when some very particular person appeared at the dinner table!—one of the goblets which adorned mamma's china closet! Oh, it must be so quickly missed, and so much lamented!

My first thought after the disaster was to learn if any person in the house was disturbed by the noise. Fanny was still sleeping, and as no one came up to our room, it soon became evident that no one had been disturbed. "But what shall I do?" I asked myself again and again, as I sat down on the floor to attempt to collect the scattered fragments. The goblet was broken into four pieces, and so could not be boiled together, as I knew mamma had sometimes done with broken china.—My first impulse and my best one was to arise and go right down to mamma, and tell her all about the whole affair; but I had not courage to do it. "Mamma must know it, and the sooner the better," said duty.

"Perhaps she'll never know it!" whispered fear.

"But she must—she will!" persisted duty.

"Nobody knows it but you. Can't you keep a secret?" said fear. "She will reprove and frown—and your brothers and sisters! what will they say?"

How I did long to go; I knew that mamma would approve my honesty; that she would be sorry, indeed, but that she would not frown or say one word worse than I could say, or think myself about it. Almost in spite of my better judgment, my fears prevailed—and there I sat, I hardly know how long, thinking what precautions were necessary to keep my secret. I went to the window to throw out the glass fragments—but surely the morning light must discover them, and then the dreadful inquiry would be made, "who did it?" It made me tremble to think of it!

I was afraid to keep the pieces in my room all night, lest somebody should discover them before I was up. At length, with a degree of firmness worthy of a better cause, I resolved to steal down the back stairs into the back yard, and throw the glass under the barn. With slow and cautious steps I descended the stairs into the pantry; there I peeped through the crack of the door, and saw mamma standing at the kitchen table with several of the children about her. They were talking very fast, and mamma was smiling, and they all looked as happy as could be.